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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

God's Gift, The Air

Now, is there anything that freer seems
Than air, the fresh, the vital, that a man
Draws in with breathings bountiful, nor dreams
Of any better bliss, because he can
Make over all his blood thereby, and feel
Once more, his youth return, his muscles steel,
And Life grow buoyant, part of God's good plan!

Oh, how on plain and mountain, and by streams
That shine along their path; o'er many a field
Proud with pied flowers, or where sunrise gleams
In spangled splendors, does the rich air yield
Its balsam; yea, how hunter, pioneer,
Lover and bard have felt that heaven was near
Because the air their spirit touched and healed!

And yet—God of the open!—look and see
The millions of thy creatures pent within
Close places that are foul for one clean breath
Thrilling with health and hope and purity;
Nature's vast antidote for stain and sin,
Life's sweetest medicine, this side of death!
How comes it that this largess of the sky
Thy children lack of, till they droop and die?

—*Richard Burton*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXV THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1915. NUMBER 22

THE GLORY ON THE HILLS

A sunset glory lingers on the hills.
The valleys lie in shadow, deep as when
Dull, weary clouds drift slowly o'er the sun.
The air is clear and still, save now and then
A murmur in the pines, that skirt the way.

I think with pain that those great earnest souls
All burning with the love of truth and right,
Who shed new light upon their fellowmen
To guide them through the mazes of this world,
Who climb the blue of Heaven and cross its span—
Must, too, at last, sink sadly from our sight,
As does the sun at eve.

And yet if through Life's day, they've shed the light
Of love and truth and kindness to all men,
And if the atmosphere through which they shone
Grew thereby sweet, and so is calm and fair,
However sad the hearts that know their loss,
However deep the shadows in the vales,
A sunset glory lingers on the hills.

—*Franklin Henry Giddings.*

According to the *Survey* Los Angeles had eleven miles of street trees planted a year ago by the unemployed men, at a total cost of $1.25 a tree, including purchase, excavation, planting and staking. This is one more possible way for a city to come to the rescue of the unemployed. There should be many more good things to do where the healthy man or woman, willing to work, could be given something to do at a wage so low as to keep off starvation and freezing and would not encourage parasitism or cause men or women to "lay down" upon the municipality.

"The Bible and the Spade" is the suggestive title of Dr. Edgar J. Banks' last book. Dr. Banks is the field director of the recent expedition of the University of Chicago. This title, and of course the book it represents, humanizes the Bible by discovering its roots in the obscure antiquity of humanity. Its roots are interwoven with "obelisks" and "inscriptions" of dead civilizations and lost heroes and prophets. The Bible revealed by the spade becomes a very human book and partakes of the pathos, the heroism, the saintliness and the wickedness of human nature.

According to *The American Issue,* a temperance publication that bristles with facts stripped of rhetoric, burdened with appeals to the reason and conscience rather than to the emotions, forty-thousand men were detained in the Police Stations of Chicago last year over night for intoxication. They were not arraigned as criminals, they were detained as sick men. This provokes a question. Is a drunken man a diseased person or a criminal? The answer is, both. Each individual case suggests a special proportion of sickness and of crime.

Benjamin Fay Mills in the *Advance* is publishing a series of articles on what he calls his theological development, or, "Why I Returned to the Church." This migrant soul finds room enough in life and in religion to make many incursions. He is a globe trotter in theology. We believe that he has power of interpreting religion helpfully from many standpoints. The end is not yet in the theological life of such a man. The doors of Liberal religion swing easily both ways. The Liberal has fellowship all the way from the theologically torrid zone, lurid with hell fire lights, to the polar regions where snow and ice are enhaloed in the Aurora-borealis.

The *Advocate of Peace* for July has an editorial entitled "The Orgy of Hatreds" which contains a gruesome array of the horrible spiritual devastations of war, the demoralization of human sympathies, the perversion of the vision of poets and philosophers, the stifling of the sweet appreciations and the heavenly insights that discover worth in the grimmest of surroundings. This is the worst accompaniment of war. Compared with this mangled bodies, burnt cities, wrecked cathedrals are of trifling import. When such men as Frederick Harrison, Arnold Bennett and H. G. Wells join the perverted German who wrote the Chant of Hate, only with a different object, we can but join with the writer in question in "wondering what can be the outcome of this orgy of hatreds." In this connection we are glad to print in another column the article from the pen of our friend Dr. Charles W. Wendte who, through his correspondence, has been enabled to glean words of hopefulness and fraternity from the black depths of the war cloud. It is only when religion is interpreted in terms of universality, when it dares affirm brotherhood across trenches and under battle-flags, that it will come with healing on its wings and prove a balm to the ills of the spirit. For war is the result of spiritual degeneracy and works its most dire calamnity in the realm of the spirit.

The Legislature of the State of Illinois, which recently closed a scandalous session, one which showed that the corrupting influences of selfish industries, of political ambitions along partisan lines, and liquor, exercised a pernicious influence, and in the main defeated all the higher interests of the state as represented in the progressive bills, most of which were defeated not by straight vote in either house but by the vicious manipulation of committees and the accursed gavel rule which enabled the Speaker of the Lower House and the Lieutenant Governor to keep all attempts to bring to a square issue bills that menaced the partisan, the liquor man and the "big interests" that sought to defeat legislation by other than the direct force of argument. But it is proper to give the "Devil his due" and the *Survey* for July 10th is enabled to make an interesting list of "measures of social significance and value" that were secured by the Forty-ninth General Assembly of Illinois. Something was done in the way of promoting more accurate vital statistics. The duties of doctors, mid-wives, parents and boards of health were more clearly defined with a suitable enforcement clause. School boards were empowered to furnish physical training in all public schools. School buildings were made more available for social purposes. Properties used for immoral purposes were abated by more efficient laws. Provision for the commitment rather than the fining of immoral women was made. Proprietors of disorderly houses were considered as inmates and are made liable to imprisonment. The State Reformatory is authorized to harbor first offenders up to twenty-five years instead of twenty-one. More adequate provision for probation officers was made. The Pure Food Law was extended. Over against these benignant legislations comes the reproach, the "Eight Hour Law for women workers was defeated. They refused to ameliorate the situation of the child laborer and the wise bill in the interest of the unemployed developed by the Committee of which the late lamented Charles R. Henderson was chairman, was so nullified as to make it of little avail. On the whole the story of the Forty-ninth Legislature of Illinois is a painful revelation of how under the present pernicious primary laws and party legislation, the tricksters reached the top. They used their offices to promote their vicious backers. *The American Issue* speaks of a "Wet Triple Alliance" organized with the Lieutenant Governor at its head and the two senators, Dailey and Ettelson, as having successfully throttled committee action. On the whole this Legislature was a hopeful one because it was so bad that it may rouse the better element of the state to the supreme task of freeing the state legislative and executive powers from the vicious tyranny of national party politics.

A Minister on the Job*

The hero in this story is an Episcopalian and presumably a Virginian. He has passed through the successive stages of a minister's career, missionary in country places, a town pastor and a city minister. Dr. Dunn, the author, has kindly relieved his hero of much theological lumber from the start and before he gets through with him he has relieved him also of much ecclesiastical millinery and the social impedimenta which a properly organized city rector is supposed to carry along with him. The theology and the denominationalism in the book being a negligible quantity, it becomes a serviceable hand-book to any minister and it shows the path over which every minister must travel if he is to come into power and grow into efficiency in the "Service of the King." We take pleasure in recommending this book to our ministerial readers. The author starts with the perfectly sane assumption that, "The story of a minister is a record of a struggle to change conditions, to overcome the pressure of environment. To conform is to die, to conquer is to live." A most wholesome confession of faith for every minister. This young "Deacon" begins his career in a parish fifty miles long and thirty-five miles wide, within whose bounds were five churches and he received the living wage of a laborer, six hundred per annum. He soon found that "the problems before him were the problems of life, not of philosophy." Later he learned that it was bad economy to "waste five dollar time on five cent jobs." He also learned that he must "teach principles and not precepts," and later that "his should be a ministry of laughter," that "there was a place, particularly in the rustic regions, for a missionary cook that people might "eat and digest in righteousness."

In the town he found his church members more intent on "trying to save the church man to save the town." He found that "the sense of justice was the best thing in the Saxon and imperishable youth the best thing in the Celt." He also found that "justice did not take sides with people but with the right." It was a revelation for him to realize that if he said his prayers in Latin, French and Spanish he was praying to the same God. A more difficult truth of universality was discovered when he found that "action was the only universal language."

Here is some wholesome advice concerning sermons and sermon making, quaintly set forth. A Mississippi River Pilot story is to the point. When this important functionary was asked if he knew where all the snags in the river were, he replied, "No, but I know where all the snags aint. It isn't my business to hunt snags." This book is not a profound book, it

*"In the Service of the King, A Parson's Story" by Joseph B. Dunn G. B. Putnam's Sons 1915.

does not pretend to be, but it is a thoroughly wholesome book, a book that had its rise in some newspaper contributions. What began as "Some Memories" in the *Churchman,* outgrew the limitations and reached after this book form and the book is justified, particularly if several thousands of ministers in any and all of the denominations can be induced to read it. It is a study in ministerial simplicity, a guide into the fundamentals of religion and a wholesome call for social work and an inspiration to the social worker. Our advice to every minister is, go buy or borrow the book. read it and then pass it on to the first ministerial brother you meet.

The Thread of Responsibility

Thackeray said one cannot go outside his character. I say he cannot go outside his temperament.

Mrs. Bennet or Mr. Colyer as Jane Austen painted them, or Chadband or Pecksniff as Dickens painted them, must be themselves.

But may not one determine how he shall use his character or temperament? Is not the thread of responsibility still there at least in the greater natures? There is no doubt that the part of the universe in our character and conduct is the large part, but may not the human part at times be something?

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

THE SKEIN WE WIND.

If you and I today
Should stop and lay
Our life-work down, and let our hands fall where they will,—
Fall down to lie quite still—
And if some other hand should come and stoop to find
The threads we carried, so that it could wind,
Beginning where we stopped; if it should come to keep
Our life-work going; seek
To carry on the good design
Distinctively made yours, or mine,
What would it find?

Some work we must be doing, true or false;
Some threads we wind; some purpose so exalts
Itself that we look up to it, or down,
As to a crown
To bow before, and we weave threads
Of different lengths and thickness,—some mere shreds,
Till all the skein of life is bound,
Sometimes forgetting at the task to ask
The value of the threads, or choose
Strong stuff to use.
No hand but winds some thread;
It cannot stand quite still till it is dead,
But what it spins and winds a little skein.

God made each hand for work, not toil-stain
Is required, but every hand
Spins, though but ropes of sand.
If love should come,
Stooping above when we are done,
To find bright threads
That we have held, that it may spin them longer,—
Find but shreds
That break when touched, how cold,
Sad, shivering, portionless, the hand will hold
The broken strands and know
Fresh cause for woe!

—*George Klingle.*

Prophetic Voices from Germany

The attitude of the Government and people of the United States towards the nations now embroiled in war is one of neutrality; never more so than at this moment, when not only Americans, but those of foreign birth and parentage are so generally and wholeheartedly rallying to the support of President Wilson in his wise and pacific policies. This does not, however, preclude our taking a just and large-hearted view of all the national and international factors involved in the present terrible struggle for supremacy between the peoples of Europe. As contributions to this end the present writer has translated several letters recently received by him as General Secretary of the International Congress of Free Christians and other Religious Liberals, which is an alliance of the free and progressive religious forces in over 30 nations of the earth. This association, it is hoped, may become a means of bringing together, after the war, certain now widely separated and antagonistic elements in Europe in the interest of religious reconstruction and harmony of counsels. Its next congress was to be held in London in 1916. Whether this will be the best time and place for such a reunion may be left to the future to determine. The main thing to be done at present is to reveal to one another the inner spiritual forces at work in the nations represented in this congress, in behalf of a restoration of peace and good-will between enlightened and free Christians in the countries now devastated by war.

From Great Britain, Italy, Hungary, even invaded France, have come noble and reassuring testimonies of loyalty to the religious and human ideals which have called the International Congress into being, and are the inspiration of its endeavors for the common welfare.

A deep interest attaches to the utterance of German thinkers and scholars in this crisis of their nation. It is to be hoped that the reading of the subjoined recent letters from prominent liberals of that country will aid the good work of religious reconciliation and peace. While the views of the political and military situation contained in these communicatons may or may not meet with acceptance by American readers, the recognition of the larger international interests involved, the desire for a return of peace, and the spirit of universal brotherhood which these letters disclose are among the more cheering prophecies of the brighter and better day coming to our distracted world.

Prof. Karl Bornhausen, D.D., a scholarly member of the theological faculty of the University of Marburg, who was in the United States studying our religious conditions a few years since, and on his return founded at Marburg an American-German library and meeting-place where the students from the two nations might come together for friendly discussion of American and German religion and culture, writes:

"In France, between Arras and Bayonne.

"Your letter has followed me to the seat of war, and has given me great pleasure, although since the beginning of August, at the time of the mobilization, I forsook my scientific work at the University, and ever since have been uninterruptedly in the field. This will also explain to you why I have not found time to acknowledge your letter. Far from the University, engaged in new and difficult work, I have given up all attempts to influence my academic future. But

too often I was very near to losing my life; who under such circumstances thinks of the future!

"But now with the return of spring new life forces and hopes germinate. Too easily arises the confidence that the worst must have been overcome, especially when one's fancy cannot conceive of anything worse than that which has already been experienced. The hope animates me to resume once more with American friends and fellow-Christians the thoughts and plans which the present has so cruelly destroyed. You are, I am sure, aware that in Germany much dissatisfaction with America has been created since we know what great quantities of war material, arms and munitions, your American industries furnish to our enemies. We cannot in this case maintain: all trade is neutral. For *this* trade is altogether partisan. It promotes neither neutrality nor the idealistic and Christian spirit, which we had thought more widely spread in America. You surely cannot doubt our purpose to conduct the war to as speedy a peace as possible. To be sure, this peace must assure us that freedom in the world which we need for our abilities and our common weal. I am still convinced that for the attainment of peace and its development Germany and the United States are dependent on one another. Its East Asian problems America will not be able to solve without us; as, indeed, isolated nations will not be able to maintain their existence during the historical period now approaching.

"Let me hope especially that the American missions will bear in mind our German missions. Above all I would call to your attention our German Mission in Japan. Pastor Schiller in Kyoto has much to struggle against. Our work in that country must not be allowed to perish; for the sake of that peace which is higher than man's reason, and which was the intent of Jesus, we must not refrain to bring a true Christianity to *all* men even in time of war.

"If my life is spared in this terrible struggle, the aim of that life will be to continue to bring this common goal near to American hearts and lives. Be assured of most faithful remembrances.

Your devoted,

"KARL BORNHAUSEN."

From Prof. Rudolf Eucken, the eminent philosopher at the University of Jena, comes a cheering forecast of future united efforts to restore and rebuild the world of ideas and ideals.

"It was a great pleasure to receive your amiable and warm-hearted letter, and to learn from it what kind sentiments you cherish for us, and with what sympathy you follow our fortunes. We appreciate this the more since we experience so much unfairness from America. It makes us indignant and embitters us to know that America supplies such great quantities of weapons and munitions to our enemies, and thus intensifies and protracts the war.

"Meanwhile, despite all open and concealed enmity, we are of good courage and unshaken confidence. Our civic life goes its quiet way. Next week our University work begins again, to be sure, with a much reduced number of hearers.

"Our family affairs are in good condition. My wife labors with great energy and effectiveness as the head of our largest hospital. Our two sons have until now been unharmed, and write cheerfully and confidently from the field of war. Both are artillery officers.

"In days to come we shall have much to do, in oneness of spirit and purpose. The present cleavage of humanity must surely in the end be overcome; but this will be a difficult piece of work, and can only gradually succeed. We shall probably at first have to arrive at a common agreement as to the problems involved, in order that we may then bring into harmonious union the discordant human elements. For the present we stand under the sign of the contradictory and mutually repellant, which ever seems to grow sharper. I do not need to tell you how welcome to us is your activity for a better understanding and reconciliation. It would be excellent if, after the peace, you were to come as soon as possible to Germany.

Faithfully and heartily yours,

"R. EUCKEN."

From a prominent attorney of Berlin and a foremost German liberal comes the following:

"I ask you to excuse me that I have not before responded to your friendly New Year's greeting, received some months ago. Since the end of October I am again in army service, although not on the field of war, but in the reserve. I beg you to accept my belated thanks, and to believe that they are none the less heartfelt.

"How sadly the world's destiny has changed since our reunion at the Paris Congress two summers ago. One, who like you, has devoted a good part of his life-work to a goal which, without peaceful political and cultural relations between the people of the earth, could not be arrived at, must feel this with especial pain. But be assured, that here, not only I but a large part of the German people, despite all its enthusiasm for our Fatherland and for the results it has already achieved in the war which has been thrust upon us, yet cannot think without sad regret of all the fruits of peace which the war has destroyed, perhaps forever; in any case, for a long time to come. So I also had entered into numerous and valued relations with the representatives of nations which now are arrayed in enmity against us.

"May the war lead to a peace which shall enable us to enter anew into these relations! In such a case I, at least, will contribute all that in me lies to develop them once more, despite the experience which we have so recently made that the closest scientific and cultural bonds between different peoples are not capable of preventing such a misfortune as the war has brought upon all who are concerned in it.

"With sincere regards,

Your devoted,

"J. KRAEMER,

"President of the German Protestantenverein."

A prominent leader of the Free Religious movement in Eastern Prussia writes us:

"Your New Year's greeting, with its motto, 'Above all nations is humanity,' and its prayer for universal peace and good will, gave us much pleasure and has awakened responsive echoes in our hearts. For us Germans, it seems to me, nothing could be more timely than to call attention to humanity as a whole, towering high above the frightful barriers which now are reared between the nations. May your wishes find ever more recognition and increasing influence."

Miss Carola Barth of Frankfort, Licentiate of Theology, enjoys the rare distinction of being the only woman in Germany licensed to preach. She is a woman of scholarly training and gracious personality, and has found a congenial field for the exercise of her talent and devotion as president of the Religious Education Society of Germany, which is concerned with the Christian nurture of children.

Miss Barth writes under recent date:

"How often in this sad time I have been thankful to you and the International Congress of Free Christians and other Religious Liberals. Without it we should never have founded our Free Christian Woman's Alliance, which in these days is a strength and comfort to us. It does one so much good to know that there are religious unities and common endeavors which cannot be destroyed by the present world conflagration. They contain prophecies of a new era of peace, and to promote this, even with our weak powers, is now our first duty, our most beautiful task. How strongly our Religious Education Society feels this sentiment of "togetherness," which during the past months has expressed itself in the woman's movement referred to, I have sought to indicate in the last report of our society. This report, which I send you, also contains an article by myself on "Religious Instruction and International Hatreds." Our religious instruction of children in these days presents problems of especial difficulty, and one of the most important is to prevent hatred against other peoples from obtaining a foothold in the child-soul and poisoning it.

Devotedly,

"CAROLA BARTH."

We close this symposium of opinions with an extract from the *Christliche Welt* of recent date, which informs us that the *Svenska Dagbladet,* a Swedish newspaper, recently asked of the German Professor Harnack, the Frenchman, Romain Rolland, and the Englishman, Sir William Ramsay, an answer to the question: "What consequences will the war have upon international co-operation in the domain of human culture?

Harnack's reply was: "An answer is impossible. We are concerned with other matters at present."

Rolland's: "Nothing will be able to prevent the resumption of the intellectual co-operation of the nations with each other."

Ramsay replied: "It will be impossible for us to work together with the Austrians and Germans."

The editor of the *Christliche Welt,* Professor Rade, thinks the third reply indiscreet. No one can foretell what consequences the war will hereafter have on the intercourse of the contesting nations. At least not until peace has actually been re-established. But the nature of our intellectual life in its international relations will be manifested in the degree to which that life is universal in its character. This is the case first of all with Science; secondarily, it is true also of Art. Among the most regrettable exhibitions brought about by the war is the friction and bickering between the scholars and learned societies of the different nations. We shall some day be glad to forget all this. One may forgive artists to some extent because of their temperaments. But men of Science!

CHARLES W. WENDTE, D.D.

Oakland, Cal., July 10, 1915.

THE TREES.

Time is never wasted, listening to the trees;
If to heaven as grandly we arose as these,
Holding toward each other half their kindly grace,
Haply we were worthier of our human place.

Bending down to meet you on the hillside path,
Birch and oak and maple each his welcome hath;
Each his own fine cadence, his familiar word,
By the ear accustomed, always plainly heard.

Every tree gives answer to some different mood:
This one helps you, climbing; that for rest is good;
Beckoning friends, companions, sentinels, they are;
Good to live and die with, good to greet afar.

Take a poet with you when you seek their shade,—
One whose verse like music in a tree is made;
Yet your mind will wander from his rarest lay,
Lost in rhythmic measures that above you sway.

Leafy night and shadow flit across the book;
Flickering, swift suggestions; word, and thought, and look
Of a subtle Presence writing nobler things
On his open pages, than the poet sings.

They are poets, also; winds that turn their leaves
Waken a responsive tone that laughs or grieves;
As your thoughts within you changefully are stirred,
Prophecy or promise, lilt or hymn, is heard.

Never yet has poet sung a perfect song,
But his life was rooted like a tree's, among
Earth's great feeding forces,—even as crag and mould,
Rhythms that stir the forest by firm fibres hold.

Harmonies ethereal haunt his topmost bough,
Upward from the mortal drawn, he knows not how:
The old, sacred story of celestial birth
Rising from terrestrial; heaven revealed through earth.

Dear, inspiring, friendly dwellers of the wood,
Always reaching downward something grand or good
From the lofty spaces where you breathe and live;
Royally unconscious, careless what you give!

O ye glorious creatures, heirs with us of earth!
Might we win the secret of our loftier birth,—
From our depths of being grow like you, and climb
To our heights of blessing,—life would be sublime!

—*Lucy Larcom.*

Midsummer Parables

A mother spider wove a soft, silken web all about a soft silken sack. The web was a perfect tanglefoot for flies; the sack was a perfect cradle for young spiders. Watching her quiet, quick movements one could see expectation and hope in every motion, prophecy in the taut strands and secure joints of the web. Hope is not long deferred. Prophecy does not fail. One sunny afternoon they come. Her cradle is full of little spiders. They begin to grow and such hungry mouths to feed! It is fortunate for them that the web is already full of flies—a storehouse of food. This food supply fails at length and they are so big now and so hungry that mother spider has to hurry hither and thither, spreading her nets everywhere, to supply her ravenous children. There comes a day when they are almost as big as she is and she is so tired she cannot go fast any longer and they are so hungry they cannot stand it any longer. They seize upon her, one on each side of her neck and one on each side of her back and the others wherever they can get hold, and they soon suck out her life's blood. They have forgotten the soft silken cradle where they nestled when they were little and the storehouse of food provided and the eager run here and there for food for them after it was gone. When she is quite dead they scamper off into the world, each for himself, and leave her lifeless carcass a monument to their cruel ingratitude. If you open your eyes when you are afield these October days you may see in the corner of a rail fence or attached to a piece of dry bark in the wood the tattered ends of the web, the torn silk of the cradle and, alas! the dry skeleton of a mother spider. Human mothers are often tired and worn. Their nestlings are ravenous, too. Is there ever aught of the spider nature in human children?

But nature is not "all tooth and nail," "one blood red fang," as Huxley, the pessimistic naturalist, would have us believe. A warring struggle for life does not tell the whole story. There are deeper roots even in spider nature than ravenous appetite and matricidal instincts. Witness the patient care, the self-denying devotion of the mother spider leading her at length to lay down her life for her offspring.

After mating time in spring two sparrows choose as a nesting place a hollow in a maple tree entered by a small hole on the upper side of a large limb. All goes well with the family as is usual with thrifty, industrious sparrows until after a wind storm early in July which breaks off a dead branch above. In falling the end of the broken branch entered the hole, was held fast and mother bird was made a prisoner in her own nest. Now note the conduct of the male bird, "only a sparrow, a bird of low degree." It is plainly the bird's purpose to free his mate and so with an energy born perhaps of despair, he makes such a sputtering and fluttering at the kitchen door of a farm house nearby as to attract attention. The good woman of the house comes out to see what is the matter and throws out some crumbs of bread and looks to see the bird eat, but wonders to see him fly away with the food in his beak. Again the bird comes and again for five days, keeping up his signals of distress with great energy and carrying away the food to his imprisoned mate. The woman's husband returned on Saturday night and on Sunday morning she called

him to see the frantic actions of the bird. He became interested and followed the bird to the tree, where the sparrow, finding help so near, set up such an outcry of distress that the man got the ladder and climbed into the tree to see what all the commotion was about. Discovering the nest and the imprisoned bird he lifted the branch from the hole and liberated the sparrow's mate. Then the two birds made a greater commotion in the effort to thank him than was made even in the effort to secure his help.

People all about us are imprisoned in all sorts of holes, and signals of distress are not wanting. Is somebody's distress over against your ability to help? It is your opportunity. Now is your accepted time. "Let us all join hands and help, for today we are alive."

Walking through a grove of young pine trees I noticed that many of them had dead tops. There seemed no lack of life below. The lower branches showed a great luxuriance of dark green foliage and were pushing in horizontal directions new shoots everywhere, but some were dying at the top and others quite dead. The needles had changed from the green of life to the brown of death. Bits of broken and rotting bark were still held by a tough fiber to the dead branches. Now the best life of a tree is at the top. We expect the lower branches to die gradually, decay and fall, contributing by their very dying a mulch for the upward growth of the tree. A vine bears its juiciest berries on the outermost spur. You will gather the smoothest and best pears from the topmost branches and the seed bearing cones of the pine tree, the largest and best of them, are to be found at the top, up in the sunshine and air of heaven, above the damp and dark and gloom below. Some insect enemy had stung these trees or some bird had girdled the stock or an evil fungus had struck them and there was death and decay at the top, where there should be abundant life. It is a sorry sight even in a tree. But to see it in a man! Moral degeneration set in, luxuriantly branching in horizontal directions—politically, financially, socially, but rotting down at the top, spiritually. In our city men and women with no sense of shame and many of them apparently with no sense of loss, flaunt their decaying tops defiantly in our faces, as do these trees when the wind rises. For the farmer or the landscape gardener to see his beautiful trees dying at the top is a trying experience and the loss is not insignificant. But the bitterness of a father and mother when they see it in their grown-up children cannot be told. This plague is known only to the heart that suffers it.

But there is hope even for a tree dead at the top. Looking at these trees more closely in a kind of despair, I found many in which a lateral branch with a strong purpose to recover the loss had turned upward and with commendable vigor was pushing its vital shoot up through all the unsightly death-stricken parts to form a new top. Indeed, there were trees that had wholly recovered with nothing to indicate their former condition save a bend in the stock where the lateral branch towered upward and a scar where the body of death had broken off and fallen. So there is hope for the man dead at the top. A new impulse of spiritual life from Him who came that men might have life and have it more abundantly, received by faith with an heroic purpose to recover, the life will turn upward and be formed anew and become beautiful in spirit and fruitful in good works. Whether the significant bend that shows where the struggle to recover took place, will ever be entirely straightened, I do not know. The old scar of the former death may have to be worn through all the eternal years. But I do know that the recovered life will be all-satisfying in the beauty of holiness and the fruits of the spirit.

It has been a dry summer, at least in our county. Neighbors have had showers that came near enough to us to look tantalizingly right in our faces. But they only mocked at our distress. I have seen corn and potatoes and buckwheat and pasture grasses perish for lack of water. I have seen the leaves on great maples along the highway shrivel and die and drop, leaving the branches as bare in August as they usually are in December. I have seen belts of timber that looked as if forest fires had brought death and destruction to every living thing in them. If one asks what is the terrible need of such a summer, such a drought, the answer is not far afield. Plant children in the order of nature have to be disciplined as well as human children in the moral order.

Apart from a few great, wise trees, like the oak and the hickory, which send tap roots deep into the earth and make it their first business in early life to do this, the great majority of trees are shallow rooted and surface feeders. The elm, the maple, the basswood, the pine, the cedar and all their kindred will not go any farther than they are compelled to for food and drink. Have you never noticed upon a great elm blown over how very little earth lay above the network of its roots?

Only from four to ten inches of earth before you come to the roots of these trees, and there would not be that depth of earth above them if the trees were left to themselves to carry out their own lazy will in life. We plow our orchards and vineyards, and the wise fruit grower will plow every year, to compel the trees to send their roots into the subsoil. A tree needs something besides nitrogen and humus, which it gets near the surface, but it has a voracious appetite for these and it can live upon them almost entirely and make a great growth of soft, spongy, fruitless, good for nothing timber that the winter frosts will kill and the ice storms break down. To reach its perfection of treehood the roots must be compelled to go down for the lime and the phosphates. We cannot use stagnant air any more than stagnant water. Our wind storms are beneficent messengers. If the trees stand up against the winds they must make their roots take hold upon the deep things of the earth. Now, thirst in a tree becomes as acute as in a man. The tree must drink or die. So the drought compels the tree to send its roots down for moisture and so find in the deeps of soil and earth, the essential elements of its best life, and when the winds blow there are the roots all interlocked about the great stones or grasping the crevices in the ledges and the trees can fearlessly sport with the storm.

If we could see the secrets of many lives, strong, beautiful, fruitful, which we so admire, like which we long to become, lives that are reaching the measure of the stature of integral living, we should find their secret in yielding humbly, perhaps penitently, to the discipline that is of love, not of hate, of grace, not

of vengeance, that ever compels us to take hold of the deep things of God. Their roots are interlaced about the rocks of divine truth. They can sport with the winds of adverse fortune. They have been through seasons of drought. Their roots have found hidden springs in the deep places. Their leaf no longer withers. They no longer feed near the surface, but have reached the hidden manna. Like Jesus, they have meat to eat that the world knows not of. They are sure of life's consummation in full fruition.

One bright morning in late August as I walked by the brook Cherith, two blossoms of the sweet wild rose greeted me. Their stems were not four inches from the mould out of which they had grown, and their bright bloom was partially covered by the long wild grasses. They made that dry and withering day a happy one for me. It was not unmixed joy, however, for just in the budding season in June by my order my man with a ruthless scythe had cut the bush down to within two inches of the earth, and now, two whole months behind their season, these two roses came into bloom and were heaping coals of fire on my head. Will you note their persistence of purpose? Thwarted by adverse fate just before opening their wealth of fragrant pink bloom here they were two months late but in time to enclose their seeds in a safe red berry.

The burdock—which we call a weed, but which Professor Bailey has enthroned as a flower, giving it room and a chance on his lawn under his study window—it is well nigh impossible to thwart. This plant will attain a height of from four to six feet and bear its seed cases high up from the ground. Not wishing one giant plant of this species to go to seed on the farm, I waged a personal war against it with a sharp pointed shovel and again and again cut its growths off just below the surface. Last Monday I went to see the result of my conflict and there on a little stem pushed up not more than one inch above the surface of the earth were two burrs containing seeds. I never knew such a case of persistence in the execution of a single purpose in my life before.

A hill of corn was planted in mid-June. Handicapped in the beginning, being one month late in getting a start, hindered by the dry weather, the corn had only grown to the height of ten or twelve inches in six weeks, when the cow got in, bit it off half way down and then stepped upon it, crushing it into the earth. One stalk survived, straightened itself up, and still almost perishing for water pushed out a tassel and obtained a height of sixteen inches. More than this, a small ear, a nubbin, was borne not quite above the ground, which succeeded in maturing fifteen or twenty kernels. Now, when you think that corn is borne aloft on strong stalks, some varieties six and seven feet above the ground, are you not ready with me to build a monument to the heroism of this little persevering plant? Wild rose and dock and corn each in its own way circumscribed its energies by a dominant purpose and directed them without scattering and without waste to one supreme end. You might mockingly say, "Contemptible little plants, you are not one-thousandth part your normal size!" But there they are, this autumn day rejoicing in a few seeds that their kind may not perish from the earth through fault of theirs! Just here will you recall Paul's ringing words, 'This one thing I do, forgetting those things that are behind and reaching forth unto those things that are before, I press toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." And we have learned from the plants and from Paul the same lesson—the value of a definite aim, a lofty purpose that will rally all the forces of the being and bend them to its execution. Such a spirit is not easily baffled, cannot be thwarted, does not know defeat, may be mocked and jeered at, but cannot be humiliated. A spirit that says: "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed but not in despair, persecuted but not forsaken, cast down but not destroyed." Always—having before us the exalted aim, the noble purpose—"to bear about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our mortal flesh."

What if the heavens are brass above you for months and years and there are no dewy nights so that your best endeavors scroll and wither, or the ruthless scythe of Diabolus, the demon of hate, cuts you down just when your good intentions are in the bud, or the little flies of Beelzebub—the demon of small vices—pester and sting you into desperation, or just as the impulse to pure living is thrilling your young life, suddenly the hoof of Apollyon, the demon of lust, crushes you back into the ground, broken and bruised—nevertheless with patient, dogged persistence of purpose you shall yet yield to the world the fragrance of bloom like the unfortunate rose, you shall bear a few kernels of precious seed even if they be almost out of sight, like the withered and down-trodden corn.

I have heard of the aim of an artist to express in marble or bronze man's courage to suffer and be strong. This is the way Ralph Stoddard puts his ideal into words in a letter to a friend: "A Prometheus heroism—to vanquish fate by endurance of all that spirit and flesh may suffer; no dragons to fight but monotony; world wearied to persevere in constancy to principle, in a blind path without enthusiasm; hope even gone, in a way of probable failure, in a way strewn with wrecks of stronger men who have failed." If the sculptor succeeds in the incarnation of such ideal more courage, as his words describe, in bronze or marble, his work will be not only his, but the world's masterpiece.

This same ideal is for you and me to actualize and exhibit, not in bronze or marble, but in this body of our humiliation.

Take these parables with you, the parable of the spider, of the sparrow, of the pine tree, of the drought and of the persistence of growing things, or, if you cannot take them all, take the one that sticks to your spine and learn from these visible things of creation the invisible things of life and duty and God.

S. E. EASTMAN.

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I have undertaken the work of teaching a great many years and have found that the human mind has great resources for resisting the introduction of knowledge.

—*Woodrow Wilson.*

An Afterword to My Library

For one who has read as many books as I have, there must always be a looking forward to the coming of still other volumes, which will continue to satisfy reasonable zest and stir up encouraging expectancy. So I find myself wondering what the literature of the future will be, and whether it will prove as satisfactory on the whole as that of the past.

Looking backward, I see that year after year for centuries there has come one or more additions to the world's literature that have duly proven their permanent acceptancy and usefulness, either as records of achievement, revelations of the deeper experience, or prompters of the higher enthusiasm and hope, and that these have unfailingly provided the pabulum and the unction that our common humanity has never failed to need. How well humanity as a whole has really profited by them in the promotion of its higher and fuller well-being, is best seen, perhaps, in a comparison of the conditions of any particular portion of the civilized world of today with the condition of the same portion at any time in the past. That literature has kept ahead and will keep ahead of the capacity for universal response and profit, is only what is to be expected at any stage in human history. As in the past, so in the future, the writers of the day will continue to be not only its instructors, but its leaders and real governors as well. But how the leadership and the governing will be accomplished will not appear until the time itself shall come to pass. The problems involving the aspirations and evolutional processes of the future must await their own day for accurate solution. I feel very sure, however, that the solution will be as much indebted to the literary workers of the time as to anyone, and that their work will undoubtedly reflect the processes used as well as the conclusions arrived at. What these processes and these conclusions will prove to be, is as yet only hinted premonished or prayed for, at best. The wisdom of the past, useful and promising as it has been, cannot really project itself into the future, or influence the future to any such extent as may now be wished or expected. Sufficient unto the day, has been, is, and will be, the virtue thereof.

Looking forward, I find myself first and most prominently trying to form some notion as to the part that inductive science will play in the coming literary product. Heretofore it has been the inner subjective intellectual and emotional experience of mankind that has almost completely monopolized literary effort, and inspired its higher reaches. What men have fancied, and feared and hoped for, and loved and hated, and dreamed and speculated upon, and how they have acted in obedience to these, has been the theme of almost all that history or biography or philosophy or religion or poetry or drama has as yet afforded. And so it will ever and must ever be, undoubtedly. On earth there is nothing that can be more interesting than man and his daily life. But it is easy to see that with these hoary themes literature has already had its very acceptable day. The whole gamut presented by them has been run so frequently that every string now shows its thread-bareness by the thinness of its response. To go on repeating indefinitely the experiences of human emotion and intelligence alone, will only lead to an ultimate attentuation that must necessarily be devoid of all normal interest. The world cannot live on a literature that gives evidence of progressive degeneracy alone. The spirit and energy and work of full-blooded manliness and womanliness must rise up to the ever more comprehensive needs of the coming day, and so bring to pass a literature worthy its high calling. This I doubt not will be more and more of an objective order, both in source and content.

And this high calling, it seems to me, will be found for one thing very largely in the field of verifiable inductive science rather than as of old so exclusively in the field of unverifiable dream and intuition and myth and speculative prophecy. These have served a goodly day undoubtedly. But they cannot satisfactorily alone serve the larger and better day that is yet to come. The human spirit in its future growth is going to demand objective fact before inner fancy, proof before assertion, experience before authority, solidity and stability before frailty and fickleness, and abiding residence before alluring promise. Indeed it seems to me that the very least that can be expected of it, is a belief in and a worship of only that which can be true to all who seek, and whenever and wherever they shall look for it.

As yet, however, when we look to verifiable science we see it presented mostly in driest prose or a "poetry" that is almost too thinned for sensible estimation. Yet, too, when thus presented, even in the prosiest reports and articles, the dullest must get glimpses of literary possibilities scarcely to be dreamed of in these days. When John Muir writes of his beloved mountains, it is already a poem as well as substantial record. When John Burroughs writes of birds or any other natural topic, the music therein comes warbling forth unmistakably in a rhythm pleasant and suggestive, if not in conventional rhyme. When Ramsey writes of chemical reactions and the myriad of activities of their included elements, the epic of the strife on the plains of Troy seems but primitive in comparison. When Abbott tells us how he measures the constant radiation from our sun, or Cox writes about the comet-tails that so paradoxically go mostly before, the real poetry as well as fact of Astronomy emerges from the husk of mythology and other guesswork systems as never before, and takes on a creditable if unparalleled glamor and suggestiveness. And so it is with the facts and the romance of Geology, or Biology, or Ethnology, or of any of the others. The verifiable facts and working hypotheses of each science even now present a basis for a new literature that promises to be as beautiful as it will be good and true. Only let someone but be able to put all this into the literary forms that have held the world's ideas and emotions heretofore, or into those that are better, if such be possible, and a whole new world of permanent literary product, founded upon truth instead of fiction, upon fact instead of fancy, upon the whole instead of a part, upon the human-divine instead of either human or divine alone,—and yet made as poetical and satisfactory as ever intuition and imagination and skill can possibly make it—all this, and what a stable satisfying literary structure the future will be privileged to have and enjoy. What will be needed, then, is that someone shall rise up who shall see these new possibilities and give them substance and form according to their own impressive worth and promise. Of this vision, it is

evident that Tennyson had a more or less inspiring glimpse, and had his day been postponed long enough, he would have given the world a poetry in part at least characterized as the latest scientific revelations and intimations would naturally suggest. What Francis Palgrave calls his "imaginative grasp of nature" would have undoubtedly included in its activity many an attempt to understand.

What you are root and all and would have progressively expressed itself in the spirit at least of

> When the man,
> The child of evolution, flings aside
> His swaddling bands, the morals of his tribe,
> He, following his own instincts as his God,
> Will enter on the larger golden age,

and to the inevitable edification as well as instruction of his fellows. Whitman saw the possibilities of a poetical expression of the finer aspects of biology and democracy with a clearness that few will ever excel, probably. Such a man as Browning, with his comprehensive power of insight and grasp, with the opportunity that the future will present, cannot fail to give a literature that will be filled with the spirit and fact of the coming day. How it is really to be done has been suggested as by no one else, perhaps, by the little-known but fully worth while, poet laureate, Robert Bridges, some of whose poems, especially his later ones, reveal a grasp of the literary possibilities of modern science such as few have capacity for. His earlier retelling of the classical stories of Prometheus, Demeter, and Eros and Psyche, everywhere presents a combination of olden myth and the newer science that much more than intimates what may yet be done. Indeed it is not too much for us to believe that the lyric, the epic, the drama, as well as the essay and discourse and record of the future, will be so filled with reflections from the field of verifiable science as well as with those from the inner speculative life, that they will outshine all other reflections in the literary field, both in vividness and hue.

Yet I find my larger hope, after all, to be in the possibilities most natural to the ever progressive expansion of the human spirit. With much to the contrary to discourage, I find myself expecting the world *en masse* sometime to outgrow its hoary Hebraisms, and Hellenisms and Romanisms and Medievalisms, and all the mis-fitting renaissances thereof, and to present a life and a literature that shall comprehensively reject all that is foolish and cruel, and express only that which is better and better with each successive day. As I think of the present hour my mind is filled with an imagery that is all too largely made up of blood-thirsty people only and their predatory and exploiting activities. Moreover, when I try to account for this, I see that it is mostly owing to almost universal acceptance of doctrines and instructions and tyrannies that are as false as their underlying motives and hopes are fanciful and cruel. Almost everything seems in fact to have been built on foundations that have become mostly corroded and worm-eaten, even unto their readiness to totter and fall at any time. I feel certain that the religious, the philosophical, the political, the oconomic worlds, will have to be built very largely over again, and from their very foundations, before the greater stability and the greater satisfaction will be possible. A civilization built so largely and yet so narrowly upon the strife that only destroys and the emulation that only disregards others, as the present has been built upon, will have to give way to one that shall have for its foundations a breadth of view and a softening of activity that shall be fully justified, because it in turn is based upon the universal facts and functions of human life, instead of upon any partial or partisan conception of them. Any expectation less noble than this, I am very sure, is but a slur upon the expansible and realizable qualities of the human spirit as such.

Hence I am fully alive to the belief that the literature of the coming day will reflect the enlightenment and illumination that shall then surely characterize it; also that in this the provincial, the national, the selfish, the concentrative, influence of certain "annointed ones" will have given way to the larger and truer conception of the Universal One and all the beneficent influence thereof. It is time, or must eventually be time, for the morbid and the cruel and the predatory and the horrid and the devisive, to make room most amply for the normal in thought and feeling, and the decent activity and holy fellowship that naturally result therefrom. Here chicanery as well as mawkishness, tyranny as well as cowardly subservience, robbery as well as beneficence, living as well as dying, will all have to be co-ordinated to the demands of this new efflorescence of the human spirit. But in this there will be seen a truer philosophy, I am sure, as well as a more helpful religion and a surer romance. There will likewise and surely be a better ethic, a higher aspiration and a nobler life; while a truer process of reasoning, as well as a purer flow of emotion, will naturally result. Indeed, the beauties of the literature of that day, the day of Peace on Earth, let us all hope, no one can now imagine, nor its worth estimate. Hence I pray most earnestly:

> O let thy dancing feet
> Roam in our land and abide, dear Peace, thou child of Right!

So, unreservedly, I find it vastly worth while to look to the future, even if wistfully and as through a veil, for an output of song and story and discussion and record that shall exceed anything yet possessed by, or possible to, My Library, wonderful and satisfying as that is. I also doubt not that some day, far ahead, mayhap, there shall come one who shall bethink him to write as I have done, about a certain other *My Library*, and in the fullness of his joy and pride shall find himself dealing with that of which I have little if any power as yet to conceive. Yet I fully know, notwithstanding, that he will find himself writing of that Treasure of an Undying Kingdom of the very Best that shall then be upon earth, and shall in no sense be less happy than I in doing it. So with all good will I would project unto him this most friendly message:

> Know thy desire; and know that if thou seek it,
> And seek, and seek, and fear not, thou shalt find.

Utica, N. Y. SMITH BAKER.

THE NIGHT MOTHER

The world's asleep, and comes
The gentle night;
And on each silent field
And weary town
Lays her cool folds
Of dewy darkness down,
Tucks close the edge,
And bears away the light.

—*Richard Warner Borst.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion
The New Testament

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson
and Mrs. William Rothmann

XXIII.
The Ethical Parables

Mrs. W. Ransom, Leader

"For everyone that exalteth himself shall be humbled; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."
Luke xiv:11.

Emerson says: "A man finds in a foreign country that which he takes with him," which thought may be applied to our study of the parables. Not only do various writers find in them different meanings but they even disagree as to the number and grouping of them. We will consider three authors; one who wrote in 1804, one in 1876, and one in 1907, and the difference in their viewpoint is as wide as the dates. If we recall the songs the Fuller Sisters sang when here in Chicago and the gowns they wore we can transplant ourselves back to the period of our great-grandmothers and imagine them discussing these parables and find ourselves in the period of our first writer, 1804. At that time it was generally accepted that the parables were full of support for the belief in endless punishment. This led Hosea Ballou, the Universalist divine, to study them with special reference to the question whether they might not with more propriety be applied in a different manner. He writes that in 1812 the practice of applying many of the parables to enforce this same doctrine had scarcely at all abated. He says: "Nothing is more evident than that Jesus spake not of things of eternity, but of things of time, not of things of another world, but of things appertaining to the present."

Our second commentator is Archbishop Trench and the third, the Rev. George Henry Hubbard, a Congregationalist, who is perhaps more to our purpose, and who is in accord with the spirit of today and gives us something to think about. He gives us as the reason why Jesus spoke in parables, that the true teacher is not he who stuffs the mind but he who stirs the thought.

Our lesson today concerns itself with the ethical parables, those which pertain to conduct. The others, Hubbard says, pertain to character and its development. These today apply to what we do, rather than to what we are. Of course there is a reflex action here, for what we do makes what we are and *vice versa*. Nevertheless there is a distinction, with which we will concern ourselves.

These parables almost seem to make it more blessed to be the sinner than to be good eternally, showing the love and compassion of Jesus, rather giving the impression that one may fall from grace with impunity for the priest will grant absolution.

The occasion of the parable of the Two Debtors (Luke vii-40) was the feast at which the woman annointed the feet of Jesus and those present wondered how he could associate with an outcast. The verse, "He frankly forgave them for they were unable to pay," seems to indicate that he loved much because he had forgiven much, while later we read, "She is forgiven much because of loving much," which seems to indicate that she is forgiven because of loving. Trench has quite a dissertation on this point, for to point the moral of the story we must know whether "because she loved much her sins were forgiven," or whether, her sins being forgiven, therefore she loved much. Hubbard says, "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, as is indicated by her love." In other words, the excessive manifestation of her love is not the ground of her forgiveness, but it is the ground of His declaration. The kernel of this parable may be stated thus: "A man's love for God will be commensurate with his sense of divine forgiveness.

Mr. Jones has said that if a man lived up to four parables, The Good Samaritan, The Prodigal Son, The Sower, and Dives and Lazarus, he would indeed be a Christian.

The central text in the Good Samaritan is "Who is my neighbor?" Going back a little we hear the lawyer ask, "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" and, not being satisfied with the answer, asks again, "Who is my neighbor?" Hence the parable. All the books agree on the broadness of the lesson on account of the fact that the Jews and Samaritans were such enemies. "Love thy neighbor as thyself" may be taken as the broad moral. Trench says that men have gone very deeply into synonyms in explaining this parable, even attaching a meaning to oil and wine, the former being compared to the annointing of the Holy Spirit; the latter to the blood of passion. Ballou says that it might be taken to mean the difference between the wisdom of this world and the wisdom of God. The Levite might represent a minister of the Gospel, and the Samaritan, Jesus. He says that, were the instructions of this parable carried out, they might destroy the enmity existing between the different denominations of the Christian Church, as they did that existing between Jew and Samaritan. Hubbard says:

> Under the impact of our thought the parable falls into three sections. It is a drama in three acts. Let us designate them for convenience, Need, Nearness and Neighborhood.

He draws our attention to the vivid picture of the need. Need a common element of neighborhood, the basis, the challenge, the inspiration of neighborhood. Where there is no need the neighbor spirit probably will be latent. Nearness is predicated of three men in this scene, but only one realizes the meaning of neighborliness.

> Neighborhood is not a matter of geography, but of humanity. It is not a question of affinity, but of opportunity. You cannot draw lines on the surface of the globe and say, "Thus far and no farther does my neighborly duty extend." Such lines, though they encircle the earth, utterly strangle the neighborly spirit. You cannot separate the race by cleavage planes, however, comprehensive, without sundering the neighborly spirit at some vital point.

The parable of the Friend at Midnight justifies prayer, showing it is not a form but a force and by allowing ourselves to get away from the form we weaken our faith. Hand in hand with this parable might go that of the Importunate Widow, for it, too, shows the value of persistent prayer.

Hubbard calls The Rich Husbandman "God's

Fool" his essential features,—"He layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God."

The tree in the Fruitless Fig-tree is understood by many to represent the people of Israel, who for many years had been fruitless. We would rather believe that Jesus knew that the supreme sinner is the useless man, the fruitless soul whose uselessness is necessarily cut off by the law of inaction. However, we know there is no inexorable law, but always a recuperative force, a mitigating grace.

In Luke xiv is the parable of the great dinner, or the parable of excuses. Not only the Jews failed to attend when invited, but all humanity, which is always saying, "I pray thee, have me excused."

The three parables of lost things,—the lost sheep, the lost coin and the prodigal son are all so familiar they scarcely need interpreting. In the story of the Prodigal Son we realize the wonderful love of the father; but what lesson may we learn from the brother who stayed at home and did his duty? Not duty alone but a loving spirit in the things we do is acceptable.

The central text in the story of the Dishonest Steward, "Men of the world are shrewder in dealing with their fellow men than men of light," may be illustrated by the experience of certain Christian business men in the West, who felt they were not getting adequate return for the money they were spending in advertising the church. The two requisites for successful advertising are, right advertising and being able to "deliver the goods." Representatives of the different denominations made a survey of the churches Sunday after Sunday, finally coming to the conclusion that they were not meeting the second requirement. The churches were not "delivering the goods."

The parable of Dives and Lazarus is the only one in which Jesus gives the names of persons. The rich man has been sometimes understood to be the high priest, the beggar, Jesus. Verse 26 will give us a text, "Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed" in which a whole sermon is disclosed.

The next parable, the Pharisee and the Publican, furnishes our text and might be summed up in the verse:

> Two went to pray: Oh! rather say,
> One went to brag; th' other to pray.
> One stands up close and treads on high,
> Where the other dares not send his eye.
> One nearer to God's altar trod,
> Th' other to the altar's God.

We all recognize the universal application of these parables and will not be misled into believing that Jesus had the Jews only in mind.

(1) What teaching concerning the parables led Hosea Ballou to study them specially?
(2) Name four great parables.
(3) What thought is generally missed in the Prodigal Son?

The Buddha Anniversary

The *Baisakhi Purnima* day, sacred to the memory of Buddha, was celebrated by Buddhists all the world over on the 28th May last. But what does this day mean to India—India in whose lap played the child Gautama, India who watched with wonder the inexplicable sorrows of her prince, the mother who enjoyed—how scantily alas!—the smiles of her sage son! What does this day mean to India! This day of birth and Nirvana! Shall India ever know what it means to her? Not before she turns her eyes towards the same majestic figure, the same loving heart, as walked in flesh and blood on her soil more than 2,500 years ago. Is India going to be one? Not before the Banished Prince comes and finds a place in his heart. True it is what the Jagajjyoti says:

"If you would be glorified with the past greatness of India, if you would be established in a genuine national life, if you would do good to all, do close your eyes and meditate to-day on the godly life of the Blessed Buddha. Study him in the precious truths that lie scattered in the Buddhist lore and enter into a deeper fellowship—then and then only will you find yourself in harmony with all worlds—with life animate and inanimate and with the gods of heaven."

It is a source of supreme gratification to find the *Subodh Patrika* of Bombay becoming more virile and at the same time more appealing in its tone. We cannot but feel ourselves one with our contemporary in the following appealing sentiments which occur in the course of an article on *Sadhana*:

"The Brahmo Samaj can live only by the life of God, of Brahma, and the more of such divine life is in it, the more the Brahmo Samaj will be efficient in doing her duty to the country. The Brahmo Samaj was the first all-India institution established in the country under the name of the *Bharat-Varshiya Brahmo Samaj,* it has spread all over the country and inspired some of the best men thereof and *should still be the chief religious all-India institution of the land.* We do believe that it has the potentiality to do all this and we hope that under Providence it will do all this in course of time. But this requires *Sadhana* on the part of each and every member of the Samaj who must make the cultivation of his spirit the first and the main object of his life. It requires *Sadhana,* individual and collective, personal and Samajic. This is the destiny of every Brahmo mission of every believer in God and when this mission is fulfilled in the life of even a few members of the Samaj, the Samaj will be a veritable power in the land. For this reason, we urge upon all the members of the Prathana Samaj the supreme necessity of having *Sadhana* for themselves, families and friends."—From *The New Dispensation,* Calcutta (June 3, 1915).

There is no such company so tonic and wholesome, so courageous and cheerful, as the inner self, when once you have learned to discover its society. Who has never learned to go apart with himself and be one with his best self, at least for a little while? Then you rise to the highest range of your being; you are free, fearless, gentle, social, magnanimous. Have you never learned in any respect how happy Jesus was, though alone, while all the raging city was against him? He was alone and yet not alone, for he was with God, and the voice of God spoke, comforting him, assuring him that he was right. Every one, every child, has this best self. God forbid that we should not hold converse with it. When we are with our best self we are with God. The man who finds his own best self has found religion and God.—*Charles F. Dole.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

A MODERN PRISON.

The Philanthropic Committee of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting has issued an interesting circular entitled, "A Modern Prison," with illustrations, showing the progress of humane thought in this direction.

Speaking first of the old-time prison, the circular says:

"When we speak of a prison, the only thought in our mind is of a safe place for the incarceration of a member of society, whom society declares to have violated one or more of its laws. For this offense he must be punished. For the protection of society he must, for a period, be deprived of his liberty. Early types of prisons were dungeons or caves, and, to within a comparatively recent period, the first and only consideration in the construction of prisons was the prevention of escape. The general type of prisons in the United States has been what is known as the Outside Corridor prison, being a block of steel cells, back to back, with a surrounding corridor, windows (often small, letting in but little light or air), in the walls of the building, with a high wall enclosing the grounds, which are generally of restricted areas.

"AWAKENING INTELLIGENCE

"Following the success of reformatory methods in the treatment of juveniles and youth under thirty years of age, it has dawned upon the public mind that it is possible, by similar methods, to offer a ray of hope to the adult prisoner. Throughout the country, during the last five years, there has spread a wave of prison reform, a conviction that the most reasonable method for the treatment of prisoners is by an appeal to that sense of manhood and honor which may be found in the most hardened. State after state is building, or is about to build, a farm industrial prison. At Guelph, Ontario, under the direction of Warden J. T. Gilmore, a farm has been established, and a prison built, entirely by prison labor, that is an improvement on any in the United States. Instead of having steel cages with an outside corridor, the cells are on the outside and the light and air come directly into them.

"GREAT MEADOWS

"In this country the most marked improvement has been at the Great Meadows Prison, in the state of New York. In 1906, the state decided to build two new prisons, one at Wingate, to supersede Sing Sing, the other at Comstock, Washington County, where a farm of 1,000 acres, known as Great Meadows, was purchased, and the erection of a prison of the traditional type, containing 1,200 cells, started; but the windows in the outer walls of the building were a great improvement, being wide and reaching from the ground to the roof, so that the cells were comparatively light. One wing with 600 cells has been finished and the other is nearing completion. The only other building is a small one, used for administration purposes and separated from the prison by a yard which is enclosed in a stockade. There are no walls around the grounds, and, if the present warden has his way, there will be none.

"A NEW TYPE OF WARDEN

"Warden William J. Homer is a man who embodies in a remarkable degree the principle of brotherly love. He has developed an honor system and a degree of trustworthiness in the 600 convict prisoners that amazes the old-time prison officials. Over these thousand acres will be found men at work, generally without any guards, in all kinds of agricultural employment. Over the mountains we will find the sheep range, the shepherd being a convict; back of the mountain, out of sight of the prison or any guards, we will find a gang with axes cutting wood; again we see a state nursery, where the prisoners have planted hundreds of thousands of little pines for the State Reforesting Commission; we see men busy in the fields, in the ditches, in the garden, in the quarries, at the stone crusher, attending to the stock, the horses, cows and poultry.

This prison is in a sparsely settled mountainous section, with no walls, substantially no guards, the only restraint being the trust of the warden in the prisoners and their confidence in him; and in the five years there have been only three escapes. If Great Meadows Prison is not an ideal prison in its construction, it certainly marks an epoch in prison management, and gives promise that the day is dawning when only men of the standing and character of Wardens Homer and Osborne will have the administration of prisons, and humane, sane and normal methods will be adopted."—*Friends' Intelligencer and Journal.*

THE FARM HAND THAT NEVER OVERSLEPT

In the June issue of *Farm and Fireside*, the national farm paper published at Springfield, Ohio, a contributor writes a highly interesting article entitled, "Farming by Electricity," showing how many farmers are using electricity with economy. In the following extract taken from the article appear many interesting facts about the subject:

"The American farmer is hiring a new farm hand—one who never oversleeps in the morning, who never borrows the best buggy to take his girl riding in, who never grumbles at the food nor eats the boss out of house and home.

"This new farm hand is the electric motor.

"That the farmer is hiring this new hand in large numbers is shown by the fact that one power company in California has 7,000 farmers on its lines, another 4,000; while in Colorado, Kansas, Washington, Oregon and Utah thousands of farmers are patrons of the electric companies. In the Central States—especially in Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Wisconsin and Minnesota—the farmer has become a large user of electricity for both light and power.

"What has brought this about in this way?

"First, the steady increase in farm wages, estimated at thirty-five per cent in the last twenty years.

"Second, the discovery that one-third of our immense grain and hay crops is used as feed for horses, who must eat 365 days a year, and who work only three hours a day on the average.

"Third, the fact that while within the last twenty years farm wages have increased 35 per cent and the cost of living has increased 30 per cent, the cost of electricity has decreased 88 per cent.

"Fourth, the discovery that there are no less than 125 different farm operations in which electricity can be used."

RUSSIA'S GREATEST COMIC MASTERPIECE

Not Tolstoy's "War and Peace," not Turgenev's "Virgin Soil," not Dostoevsky's "The Brothers Karamazov," may be named as the most characteristically national among all the great classic Russian novels. This place of honor must be given to Gogol's great comic masterpiece, "Dead Souls," according to Stephen Graham, in his introduction to a translation of the novel which has just been republished in London by Fisher Unwin. Although this translation orig-

inally appeared in 1893, Nikolai Gogol has remained little more than a name in the English-speaking countries. "Dead Souls" is probably the most popular of all novels in Russia, despite the fact that Gogol is not a modern in the sense of the great trio, Turgenev, Tolstoy and Dostoevsky. But of "Dead Souls" Maurice Baring wrote that it "makes boys laugh, young men weep, and old men think." It is even more national in a Russian sense than "The Pickwick Papers" are in an English sense. The London *Times* publishes a warm appreciation of this masterpiece. We quote it in part:

"'Dead Souls' achieves its undying popularity through the intense absorption of Russians in their own psychology. To them it is divine satire—that is to say, a satire that probes without stinging. A rare achievement, Russian of the Russians, and smelling deep of the native soil. And how acute it is! Gogol knew his countrymen.

"'Dead Souls' is the finest of Gogol's few productions. It is as simple as a folk-tale. Anyone can read it and enjoy it. It does not deal in psychological subtleties, or, rather, not directly. It unfolds the Russian heart through action, not through explanation. Its characters are fantastic, ridiculous, whimsical, but somehow their feet always rest upon earth."—*Current Opinion.*

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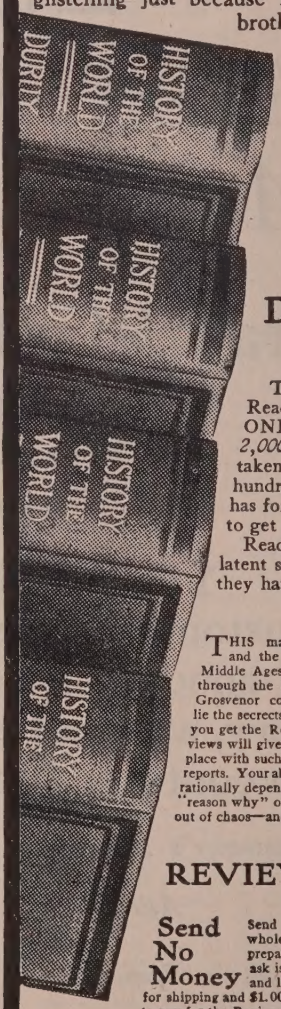

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